ANDROMEDA LIBERATA.

OR

THE NVPTIALS OF PERSEVS and ANDROMEDA.

By GEORGE CHAPMAN.

Nihil a veritate nec virtute remotius quam vulgaris opinio. Pet.

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the Tigers-head. 1614.

Geo. Steevens.

TO THE RIGHT VVORTHILY HONORED,

Robert Earle of Sommerſet, &c.

AND

HIS MOST NOBLE LADY

the Ladie FRANCES.

AS nothing vnder heauen is more remou'd
From Truth & virtue, then *Opinions* prou'd
By vulgar *Voices*: So is nought more true
Nor ſoundly virtuous then things held by few:
VVhom *Knowledge* (entred by the ſacred line,
And gouernd euermore by grace diuine,)
Keepes in the narrow path to ſpacious heauen,
And therfore, ſhould no knowing ſpirit be driuen
From fact, nor purpoſe; for the ſpleens prophane
Of humours errant, and *Plebeian*;

The Epiſtle

But, Famelike, gather force as he goes forth,
The *Crowne* of all *Acts* ends in onely worth.
Nor will I feare to poſtrate this poore Rage
Offoreſpoke *Poeſie*, to your patronage,
(Thrice worthy Earle), & your vnequald grace
(Moſt Noble Counteſſe) for the one-ear'd Race
Offet-eyd vulgars, that will no waie ſee
But that their ſtiffe necks driue them headlongy,
Stung with the Gadflie of miſgouernd zeale:
Nor heare but one tale and that euer ill.
Theſe I contemne, as no Rubs fit for me
To checke at, in my way t'*Integritie*.
Nor will ye be incenſt that ſuch a Toie
Should put on the preſumption to enioie
Your grauer eare, my Lord, and your faire eye
(Illuſtrous Ladie) ſince poore *Poeſie*
Hath beene a Iewell in the richeſt eare
Of all the Nuptiall States, that euer were.
For as the Bodies pulſe (in Phiſique) is
A little thing; yet therein th'Arteries

Bewray

Dedicatory.

Bewray their motion, and diſcloſe, to Art
The ſtrength, or weakeneſſe, of the vitall part;
Perpetually moouing, like a watch
Put in our Bodies: So this three mens catch,
This little Soules Pulſe, *Poeſie*, panting ſtill
Like to a dancing peaſe vpon a Quill,
Made with a childes breath; vp and downe to fly
(Is no more manly thought) And yet thereby
Euen in the corps of all the world we can
Diſcouer all the good and bad of man,
Anatomiſe his nakedneſſe, and be
To his chiefe Ornament, a Maieſtie:
Erect him paſt his human Period
And heighten his tranſition into God.
Thus Sun-like, did the learnd and moſt diuine
Of all the golden world, make *Poeſie* ſhine;
That now, but like a glow worm, gleams by night
Like Teachers, ſcarce foūd, by their proper light.
But this (my Lord) and all poore virtues elſe
Expoſ'd, ah las, like perdu Sentinels

To

The Epiſtle

To warne the world of what muſt needs be nie
For pride, and auarice, glaſ'd by *Sanctitie*,
Muſt be diſtinguiſht, and decided by
Your cleere, ingenuous, and moſt quiet eye
Exempt from paſſionate, and duskie fumes,
That blinde our Reaſon: and in which conſumes
The Soule, halſe choakt, with ſtomacke caſting miſts
Bred in the pureſt, turnd mere humoriſts.
And where with douelike ſweet humility
They all things ſhould authoriſe or deny,
The vulgar heate and pride of ſplene and blood
Blaze their opinions, which cannot be good.
For as the Bodies Shadow, neuer can
Shew the diſtinct, and expact Forme of man;
So nor the bodies paſſionate affects
Can euer teach well what the Soule reſpects.
For how can mortall things, immortall ſhew?
Or that which falſe is, repreſent the trew?
The peaceſull mixture then that meetes in yow
(Moſt tẽperat Earl) that nought to rule doth ow:

In

Dedicatory.

In which, as in a thorough kindled Fire,
Light and *Heat* marrie *Iudgement* and *Desire*.
Reason is still in quiet, and extends
All things t'aduantage of your honored Ends,
May well authorise all your Acts of Note,
Since all Acts vicious, are of *Passion* got:
"*Through dead Calms, of our Perturbations euer*
"*Truths Voice (to soules eares set) we heare or neuer*
"*The meerely animate Man, doth nothing see*
"*That tends to heauen: It must be onely He*
"*That is mere soule: Her separable powers*
"*The scepter giuing heere: That then discourse*
"*Of Motions that in sence doe neuer fall,*
"*Yet know them too, and can distinguish all*
"*With such a freedome, that our earthly parts*
"*Sincke all to earth: And then th'ingenuous arts*
"*Doe their true office, Then true Policie*
"*Windes like a serpent, through all Empery.*
"*Her folds on both sides bounded, like a flood*
"*With high-shores listed, making great and good*

The Epiſtle

" Whom ſhe inſtructeth, towhich, you (my Lord)
May lay all claimes that Temper can afford;
Nought gathering ere t'is ripe: and ſo muſt taſte
Kindely and ſweetely, and the longer laſt,
All fruits, in youth, ripe in you; and muſt ſo
Imply a facultie to euer growe.
And as the morning that is calme and gray,
Deckt all with curld clowds, that the Sunne doth
With varied coullours; All aloft exhall'd (lay
As they t'adorn euen heauen it ſelfe were call'd,
And could not fall in ſlendreſt deawes till Night,
But keepe daies Beauty firme and exquiſite;
More for delight fit, and doth more adorne
Eu̅ th'Eu̅ with *Graces*, then the youthful morn:
So you (ſweete Earle) ſtay youth in aged bounds
Euen abſolute now, in all lifes graueſt grounds,
Like Aire, fill euery corner of your place,
Your grace, your virtue heightning: virtue, grace
And keeping all clowds high, aire calme, & cleer
And in your ſelfe all that their height ſhould rere

Your

Dedicatory.

Your life and light will proue a ſtill full Moone,
And all your night time nobler then your noone,
The Sunne is in his riſing, height, and ſet
Still (in himſelfe) alike, at all parts great,
His light, heat, greatnes, coullors that are ſhowne
To vs, as his charge, meerely is our owne.
So let your charge, my Lord, in others be,
But in your ſelfe hold Sun-like conſtancie.
For as men skild in Natures ſtudy, ſay,
The world was not the world, nor did conuay
To coupling bodies Natures common forme,
But (all confuſ'd, like waues ſtruck with a ſtorme)
Some ſmall were, and (in no ſet being, ſtaid)
All comprehenſion, and connexion fled;
The greater, and the more compact diſturb'd
With ceaſeles warre, and by no order curb'd,
Till earth receiuing her ſet magnitude
Was fixt her ſelfe, and all her Birth indu'd
With ſtaie and law, ſo this ſmall world of ours:
Is but a *Chaos* of corporeall powers:

The Epiſtle

Nor yeelds his mixt parts, forms that may becom
A human Nature; But at randome rome
Paſt brutiſh faſhions, and ſo neuer can
Be cald the ciuill bodie of a man;
But in it, and againſt it ſelfe ſtill fights,
In competence of Cares, loyes, Appetites:
The more great in command, made ſeruile more,
Glutted, not ſatisfied: in plenty, poore:
Till vp the Soule mounts, and the Scepter ſwaies
Th'admired Fabricke of her world ſuruaies,
And as it hath a magnitude confinde,
So all the powers therein, ſhe ſees combinde
In fit Acts for one end, which is t'obay
Reaſon, her *Regent*; *Nature* giuing way:
Peace, *Concord*, *Order*, *Stay* proclaim'd, and *Law*,
And none commanding, if not all in Awe,
Paſſion, and *Anger*, made to vnderlie,
And heere concludes, mans morall Monarchie
In which, your Lordſhips milde Soule ſits ſo hie
Yet cares ſo little to be ſeene, or heard,

That

Dedicatory.

That in the good thereof, her ſcope is Sphear'd.
The *Theban Ruler*, paralleling Right,
VVho, thirſt of glory, turnd to appetite
Of inward *Goodneſſe*, was of ſpeech ſo ſpare,
To heare, and learne, ſo couetous, and yare,
That (of his yeares) none, things ſo many knew:
Nor in his ſpeeches, ventured on ſo few:
Forth then (my Lord) & theſe things euer thirſt
Till *Scandall* pine, and *Bane-fed* enuie burſt.

And you, (moſt noble) Lady as in blood
In minde be Nobleſt, make our factious brood
VVhoſe forked tongs, wold fain your honor ſting
Conuert their venomd points into their ſpring:
VVhoſe owne harts guilty, of faults faind in yours
VVold fain be poſting off: but, arme your powers
VVith ſuch a ſeige of vertues, that no vice
Of all your Foes, *Aduantage* may entice
To ſally forth, and charge you with offence,
But ſterue within, for very conſcience
Of that Integritie, they ſee expreſt

The Epiſtle

In your cleere life: Of which, th'examples Reſt,
May be ſo blameleſſe; that all paſt muſt be
(Being Fount to th'other) moſt vndoubtedly
Confeſt vntouch't; and *Curioſitie*
The beame picke rather from her own ſquint eie,
Then ramp ſtil at the motes ſhade, faind in yours,
Nought doth ſo ſhame this chimick ſerch of ours
As when we prie long for aſſur'd huge priſe,
Our glaſſes broke, all vp in vapor flies.
And as, the Royall Beaſt, whoſe image you
Beare in your armes, and aires great Eagle too;
Sill as they goe, are ſaid to keepe in cloſe
Their ſeres, & Tallons, leſt their points ſhold loſe
Their vſeful ſharpnes, when they ſerue no vſe:
So this our ſharp-eyd ſearch that we abuſe
In others breſts, we ſhould keepe in, t'explore
Our owne fowle boſomes, and quit them before
VVe ranſacke others: but (great Ladie) leaue
Theſe Rules to them they touch; do you receaue
Thoſe free ioies in your honour, and your Loue

That

Dedicatory.

That you can ſay are yours; and euer moue
VVhere your cõmand, as ſoon is ſeru'd as kown,
Foyes plac't without you, neuer are your owne.

Your Honours euer moſt humbly

and faithfully vowd.

Geo. Chapman.

To the preiudicate and peremptory Reader.

I *Am ſtill in your hands; but was firſt in his, that (being our great ſuſtainer of Sincerity, and Innocence) will, I hope, defend mee from falling. I thinke you know not him I intend, more then you know me, nor can you know mee, ſince your knowledge is imagined ſo much aboue mine, that it muſt needes ouerſee. He that lies on the ground can fall no lower. By ſuch as backebite the higheſt, the loweſt muſt looke to be de uor'd, Forth with your curious Scrutinie, and finde my Ruſh as knotty as you luſt, and your owne Crab-tree, as ſmooth. I will be moſt ridiculous and pleaſing, to ſit in a corner, and ſpend your teeth to the ſtumps, in mumbling an ould Sparrow, till your lips bleed, and your eyes water: when all the faults you can finde are firſt in your ſelues, t'is no* Herculean *labor to cracke what you breed. Ah las who knowes not your vttermoſt dimenſions? Or loues not the beſt things you*

A *would*

To the Reader.

would ſeeme to loue, in deed, and better? Truth *was neuer the Fount of* Faction. *In whoſe Sphere ſince your pureſt thoughts moue, their motion muſt of force be oblique and angulare. But whatſoeuer your diſeaſe bee, I know it incurable, becauſe your vrine will neuer ſhew it. At aduenture, at no hand be let blood for it, but rather ſooth your ranke bloods and rub one another.*

You yet, ingenuous and iudicious Reader: that (as you are your ſelfe) retaine in a ſound bodie, as ſounde a ſoule: if your gentle tractability, haue vnwares let the common ſurfet ſurprize you: abſtaine, take Phiſique heere, and recouer. Since you reade to learne, teach: Since you deſire to bee reform'd, reforme freely. Such ſtrokes ſhall bee ſo farre from breaking my head; they ſhall be rich Balmes to it, comfort, and ſtrengthen the braine it beares, and make it healthfully neeſe out, whatſoeuer anoies it. Vale.

The Argument.

Andromeda, Daughter of *Cepheus*, King of *Æthiopia*; and *Cassiope* (a virgine exempted from cõparison in all the vertues & beauties, both of minde and bodie) for the enuie of *Iuno* to her Mother; being compar'd with her for beauty and wisedome; (or as others write, maligned by the *Nereides*, for the eminent Graces of her selfe) moued so much the *Deities* displeasures; that they procur'd *Neptune* to send into the Region of *Cepheus*, a whale so monstrously vaste and dreadfull: that all the fields he spoild and wasted; all the noblest edifices tumbling to ruine; the strongest citties of the kingdome, not forcible enough to withstand his inuasions. Of which so vnsufferable a plague *Cepheus* consulting with an Oracle; and asking both the cause, and remedie; after accustomed sacrifices, the Oracle gaue answer, that the calamity would neuer cease, till his onely daughter *Andromeda*, was exposed to the Monster. *Cepheus* returnd, and with Iron chaines bound his daughter to a rocke, before a cittie of the kingdome called *Ioppe*. At which cittie, the same time, *Perseus* arriued with the head of *Medusa* &c. who pittying so matchles a virgines exposure to so miserable an euent; dissolu'd her chaines and tooke

The Argument.

her from the Rock. Both ſitting together to expect the monſter, & he rauenouſly haſting to deuoure her, *Perſeus*, turnd part of him into ſtone, & through the reſt made way with his ſword to his vtter ſlaughter. When (holding it wreath enough for ſo renownd a victory) He took *Andromeda* to wife, & had by her one daughter called *Perſe*, another *Erythræa*, of whom, the ſea in thoſe parts is called *Mare Erythræũ*; ſince ſhe both liued and died there: and one ſonne called after himſelfe, another *Electrion*, a third *Sthenelus*: and after liued Princely and happily with his wife and his owne Mother to his death. Then faind for their vertues to be made Conſtellations in Heauen.

ANDROMEDA LIBERATA.

AWay vngodly Vulgars, far away,
Flie ye prophane, that dare not view the day,
Nor speake to men but shadowes, nor would heare
Of any newes, but what seditious were,
Hatefull and harmefull euer to the best,
Whispering their scandals, glorifying the rest,
Impious, and yet gainst all ills but your owne,
The hotest sweaters of religion.
Whose poysons all things to your spleenes peruert,
And all streames measure by the Fount your heart,
That are in nought but misrule regulare,
To whose eyes all seeme ill, but those that are,

Andromeda liberata.

That hate yee know not why, nor with more cauſe,
Giue whom yee moſt loue your prophane applauſe,
That when Kings and their Peeres (whoſe piercing eies
Broke through their broken ſleepes and policies,
Mens inmoſt Cabinets diſcloſe and hearts;
Whoſe hands Ioues ballance (weighing all deſarts)
Haue let downe to them: which graue conſcience,
Charg'd with the blood and ſoule of Innocence.
Holds with her white hand, (when her either skole,
Apt to be ſway'd with euery graine of Soule,
Her ſelfe ſwaies vp or downe, to heauen or hell,
Approue an action) you muſt yet conceale,
A deeper inſight, and retaine a taint
To caſt vpon the pure ſoule of a Saint.

Away, in our milde Sphere doth nothing moue,
But all-creating, all preſeruing Loue,
At whoſe flames, vertues, lighted euen to ſtarres,
All vicious Enuies, and ſeditious Iars,
Bane-ſpitting Murmures and detracting Spels,
Banniſh with curſes to the blackeſt hels:

Defence

Andromeda liberata.

Defence of Beauty *and of* Innocence,
And taking off the chaines of Insolence,
From their prophan'd and godlike Lineaments,
Actions heroique, and diuine descents,
All the sweet Graces, *euen from death reuiu'd,*
And sacred fruites, from barren Rockes deriu'd,
Th' Immortall Subiects of our Nuptials are:
Thee then (iust scourge of factious populare;
Fautor of peace, and all the powers that moue
In sacred Circle of religious Loue;
Fountaine of royall learning, and the rich
Treasure of Counsailes, and mellifluous speech:)
Let me inuoke, that one drop of thy spring
May spirit my aged Muse, and make her sing,
As if th'inspir'd breast, of eternall youth
Had lent her Accents, and all-mouing truth.
The Kingdome that the gods so much did loue,
And often feasted all the Powers aboue:
At whose prime beauties the enamour'd Sunne,
His Morning beames lights, and doth ouerrunne

Andromeda liberata.

The world with Ardor (Æthiopia)
Bore in her throne diuine Andromeda,
To Cepheus *and* Caſsiope *his Queene:*
Whoſe boundleſſe beauties, made ore'flow the ſpleene
Of euery Neirid, *for ſurpaſsing them:*
The Sun to her, reſign'd his Diadem:
And all the Deities, *admiring ſtood,*
Affirming nothing mou'd, like fleſh and blood:
Thunder would court her with words ſweetly phraz'd,
And lightning ſtucke 'twixt heau'n and earth amaz'd.
This matchleſſe virgin had a mother too,
That did for beautie, and for wiſdome goe
Before the formoſt Ladies of her time:
To whom of ſuper-excellence the crime
Was likewiſe lai'd by Iuno, *and from hence*
Pin'd Enuie ſuckt, the poiſon of offence.
No truth of excellence, was euer ſeene,
But bore the venome of the Vulgares ſpleene.
And now the much enrag'd Neireides
Obtain'd of him that moues the marble ſeas

(*To*

Andromeda liberata.

(To wreake the vertue, they cal'd Insolence)
A whale so monstrous, and so past defence,
That all the royall Region he laid wast,
And all the noblest edifices rac't:
Nor from his plague, were strongest Cities free,
His bodies vast heape rag'd so heauily.
With noblest names and bloods is still embrewd
The monstrous beast, the rauenous Multitude.
This plague thus preying vpon all the land,
With so incomprehensible a hand:
The pious virgin of the father sought,
By Oracles to know, what cause had brought
Such banefull outrage ouer all his State,
And what might reconcile the Deities hate.
His orisons and sacrifices past,
The Oracle gaue answere, that the waste
His Country suffered, neuer would conclude,
Till his Andromeda *he did extrude,*
To raptne of the Monster, he (good man,)
Resolu'd to satiate the Lèuiathan:

With

With her, before his Country, though he lou'd
Her past himselfe, and bore a spirit mou'd
To rescue Innocence in any one
That was to him, or his, but kindly knowne,
To grace, or profite; doe them any good
That lay in swift streame of his noblest blood,
Constant to all, yet to his deerest seed,
(For rights sake) flitting: thinking true indeed,
The generall vprore, that t'was sinne in her,
That made men so exclaime, and gods conferre
Their approbation: saying the Kingdomes bale
Must end by her exposure to the Whale:
With whom the Whale-like vulgare did agree,
And their foule spleenes, thought her impiety,
Her most wise mother yet, the sterne intent,
Vow'd with her best endeauour to preuent.
And tolde her what her father did addresse;
Shee (fearefull) fled into the wilderneſſe:
And to th' instinct of sauage beasts would yeeld,
Before a father that would cease to shield

A daugh-

Andromeda liberata.

A daughter, ſo diuine and Innocent:
Her feet were wing'd, and all the ſearch out went,
That after her was ordered: but ſhee flew,
And burſt the winds that did incenſt purſue,
And with enamoured ſighes, her parts aſſaile,
Plaide with her haire, and held her by the vaile:
From whom ſhee brake, and did to woods repaire:
Still where ſhee went, her beauties dide the ayre,
And with her warme blood, made proud Flora *bluſh:*
But ſeeking ſhelter in each ſhadie buſh:
Beauty like fire, compreſt, more ſtrength receiues
And ſhee was ſtill ſeene ſhining through the leaues.
Hunted from thence, the Sunne euen burn'd to ſee,
So more then Sunne-like a Diuinity,
Blinded her eyes, and all inuaſion ſeekes
To dance vpon the mixture of her cheekes,
Which ſhow'd to all, that follow'd after far,
As vnderneath the roundure of a ſtarre,
The euening skie is purple'd with his beames:
Her lookes fir'd all things with her loues extreames.

Her

Andromeda liberata.

Her necke a chaine of orient pearle did decke,
The pearles were faire, but fairer was her necke:
Her breasts (laid out) show'd all enflamed sights
Loue, lie a sunning, twixt two Crysolites:
Her naked wrists showde, as if through the skie,
A hand were thrust, to signe the Deitie.
Her hands, the confines, and digestions were
Of Beauties world; Loue fixt his pillars there.
Her eyes that others caught, now made her caught,
Who to her father, for the whale was brought,
Bound to a barraine Rocke, and death expected;
But heau'n hath still such Innocence protected:
Beauty needs feare no Monsters, for the sea,
(Mother of Monsters) sent Alcyone,
To warrant her, not onely gainst the waues,
But all the deathes hid in her watrie graues.
The louing birds flight made about her still,
(Still good presaging) shew'd heau'ns sauing will:
Which cheering her, did comfort all the shore
That mourn'd in shade of her sad eyes before:

Her

Her lookes to perle turn'd peble, and her locks
To burniſht gold transform'd the burning Rocks.
And now came roring to the tied, the Tide
All the Neireides *deckt in all their pride*
Mounted on Dolphins, roade to ſee their wreake
The waues fom'd with their enuies; that did ſpeake
In muteſt fiſhes, with their leapes aloft
For brutiſh ioy of the reuenge they ſought.
The people greedie of diſaſtrous ſights
And newes, (the food of idle appetites
From the kings Chamber, ſtraight knew his intent,
And almoſt his reſolu'd thoughts did preuent
In drie waues beating thicke about the Shore
And then came on the prodegie, that bore
In one maſſe mixt their Image; that ſtill ſpread
A thouſand bodies vnder one ſole head
Of one minde ſtill to ill all ill men are
Strange ſights and miſchiefes fit the Populare.
Vpon the Monſter red Rhamnuſia *rode,*
The Sauage leapt beneath his bloody load

Andromeda liberata.

Mad of his prey, giu'n ouer now by all:
When any high, haue any meanes to fall,
Their greateſt louers proue falſe props to proue it
And for the miſchiefe onely, praiſe and loue it.
There is no good they will not then commend,
Nor no Religion but they will pretend
A mighty title to, when both are vſ'd,
To warrant Innouation, or ſee bruſ'd
The friendleſſe Reed, that vnder all feet lies:
The ſound parts euermore, they paſſe like flies,
And dwell vpon the ſores, ill in themſelues,
They clearely ſaile with ouer rockes and ſhelues,
But good in others ſhipwracke in the Deepes:
Much more vniuſt is he that truely keepes
Lawes for more ſhew, his owne ends vnderſtood
Then he that breakes them for anothers good.
And 'tis the height of all malignity,
To tender good ſo, that yee ill implie:
To treade on Pride but with a greater pride.
When where no ill, but in ill thoughts is tri'd,

To

Andromeda liberata,

To ſpeake well is a charity diuine:
The reſt retaine the poyſon ſerpentine
Vnder their lips, that ſacred liues condemne,
And wee may worthily apply to them,
This tragicke execration: periſh hee
That ſifts too far humane infirmity.
But as your cupping glaſſes ſtill exhale
The humour that is euer worſt of all
In all the fleſh: So theſe ſpic't conſcienc't men
The worſt of things explore ſtill, and retaine.
Or rather, as in certaine Cities were
Some ports through which all rites piaculare,
All Executed men, all filth were brought,
Of all things chaſt, or pure, or ſacred, nought
Entring or iſſuing there: ſo curious men,
Nought manly, elegant, or not vncleane,
Embrace, or bray out: Acts of ſtaine are ſtill
Their Syrens, and their Muſes: Any ill
Is to their appetites, their ſupreme good,
And ſweeter then their neceſſary food.

Andromeda liberata.

All men almoſt in all things they apply
The By *the* Maine *make, and the* Maine *the* By.
Thus this ſweete Ladies ſad expoſure was
Of all theſe moodes in men, the only glaſſe:
But now the man that next to Ioue comptrold
The triple world got with a ſhoure of gold:
(Armed with Meduſa's *head, and* Enyos *eye:*
The Adamantine ſword of Mercury
The helme of Pluto, *and* Minerua's Mirror,
That from the Gorgus *made his paſſe with Terror)*
Came to the reſcue of this enuied mayd:
Drew neere, and firſt, in admiration ſtay'd
That for the common ill of all the land,
She the particular obloquie ſhould ſtand:
And that a beauty, no leſſe then diuine
Should men and women finde ſo ſerpentine
As but to thinke her any ſuch euent:
Much leſſe that eies and hands ſhould giue conſent
To ſuch a danger and to ſuch a death.
But though the whole Realme laboured vnderneath

So foule an error, yet ſince Ioue *and he*
Tendred her beauty, and integretie,
In ſpight of all the more he ſet vp ſpirrit
To doe her right; the more all wrong'd her merit,
He that both vertue had, and beauty too
Equall with her to both knew what to doe:
The Ruthles ſtill go laught at to the Graue
Thoſe that no good will doe, no goodneſſe haue:
The minde a ſpirit is, and cal'd the glaſſe
In which we ſee God; and corporeall grace
The mirror is, in which we ſee the minde.
Amongſt the faireſt women you could finde
Then Perſeus, *none more faire; mongſt worthieſt men,*
No one more manly: This the glaſſe is then
To ſhew where our complexion is combinde;
A womans beauty, and a manly minde:
Such was the halfe-diuine-borne Troian Terror
Where both Sex graces, met as in their Mirror.
Perſeus *of Loues owne forme, thoſe fiue parts had*
Which ſome giue man, that is the louelieſt made:

Or rather that is loueliest enclin'd,
And beares (with shape) the beauty of the mind:
Young was he, yet not youthfull, since mid-yeeres,
The golden meane holds in mens loues and feares:
Aptly composde, and soft (or delicate)
Flexible (or tender) calme (or temperate)
Of these fiue, three, make most exactly knowne,
The Bodies temperate complexion:
The other two, the order doe expresse,
The measure and whole Trim of comelinesse.
A temperate corporature (learn'd Nature saith)
A smooth, a soft, a solid flesh bewrayeth:
Which state of body shewes th'affections State
In all the humours, to be moderate;
For which cause, soft or delicate they call
Our conquering Perseus, *and but yong withall,*
Since time or yeeres in men too much reuolu'd,
The subtiler parts of humour being resolu'd,
More thicke parts rest, of fire and aire the want,
Makes earth and water more predominant:

Flexible

Flexible they calde him, ſince his quicke conceit,
And pliant diſpoſition, at the height
Tooke each occaſion, and to Acts approu'd,
As ſoone as he was full inform'd, he mou'd,
Not flexible, as of inconſtant ſtate,
Nor ſoft, as if too much effeminate,
For theſe to a complexion moderate
(Which we before affirme in him) imply,
A moſt vnequall contrariety.
Compoſure fit for Ioues *ſonne* Perſeus *had,*
And to his forme, his mind fit anſwere made:
" *As to be lou'd, the faireſt fitteſt are;*
" *To loue ſo to, moſt apt are the moſt faire,*
" *Light like it ſelfe, tranſparent bodies makes,*
" *At ones act, th'other ioint impreſſion takes.*
" Perſeus, (*as if tranſparent*) *at firſt ſight,*
" *Was ſhot quite thorough with her beauties light:*
" *Beauty brecdes loue, loue conſummates a man.*
" *For loue, being true, and* Eleutherean,
" *No Iniurie nor contumelie beares;*

" *That*

Andromeda liberata.

" That his beloued, eyther feeles or feares,
" All good-wils enterchange it doth conclude
" And mans whole ſumme holds, which is gratitude:
" No wiſdome, nobleſſe, force of armes, nor lawes,
" Without loue, wins man, his compleat applauſe:
" Loue, makes him valiant, paſt all elſe deſires
" For Mars, that is, of all heau'ns erring fires
" Moſt full of fortitude (ſince he inſpires
" Men with moſt valour) Cytherea tames:
" For when in heau'ns blunt Angels ſhine his flames,
" Or he, his ſecond or eight houſe aſcends
" Of rul'd Natiuities; and then portends
" Ill to the then-borne: Venus in aſpect
" Sextile, or Trine doth (being conioyn'd) correct
" His moſt malignitie: And when his ſtarre
" The birth of any gouernes (fit for warre
" The Iſſue making much to wrath enclin'd
" And to the ventrous greatneſſe of the minde)
" If Venus neere him ſhine ſhe doth not let
" His magnanimity, but in order ſet

Andromeda liberata.

" *The vice of Anger making* Mars *more milde*
" *And gets the maſtry of him in the childe:*
" Mars *neuer maſters her; but if ſhe guide*
" *She loue inclines: and* Mars *ſet by her ſide*
" *Her fires more ardent render, with his heat:*
" *So that if he at any birth be ſet*
" *In th'houſe of* Venus, Libra, *or the* Bull,
" *The then-borne burnes, and loues flames feels at full.*
" *Beſides,* Mars *ſtill doth after* Venus *moue*
" Venus *not after* Mars: *becauſe, of Loue*
" *Boldneſſe is hand-maid, Loue not ſo of her:*
" *For not becauſe men, bold affections beare*
" *Loues golden nets doth their affects enfold;*
" *But ſince men loue, they therefore are more bold*
" *And made to dare, euen* Death, *for their belou'd,*
" *And finally, Loues Fortitude is prou'd*
" *Paſt all, moſt cleerely; for this cauſe alone*
" *All things ſubmit to Loue, but loue to none.*
" *Celeſtials, Animals, all Corporeall things,* (Kings
" *Wiſemen, and Strong, Slaue-rich, and Free-borne*

Andromeda liberata.

Are loues contributories; no guifts can buy,
No threats can loue constraine, or terrifie
For loue is Free, and his Impulsions still
Spring from his owne free, and ingenious will.
Not God himselfe, would willing loue enforce
But did at first decree, his liberall course:
Such is his liberty, that all affects
All arts and Acts, the minde besides directs
To some wish't recompence, but loue aspires
To no possessions, but his owne desires:
As if his wish in his owne sphere did moue,
And no reward were worthy Loue but Loue.
Thus Perseus *stood affected, in a Time*
When all loue, but of riches was a crime
A fancy and a follie. And this fact
To adde to loues deseruings, did detract;
For twas a Monster and a monstrous thing
Whence he should combat out, his nuptiall ring,
The monster vulgar thought, and conquerd gaue
The combatant already, the foule graue

Of their fore-ſpeakings, gaping for him ſtood
And caſt out fumes as from the Stigian flood
Gainſt his great enterpriſe, which was ſo fit
For Ioues *cheefe* Minion, *that* Plebeian *wit*
Could not conceiue it: Acts that are too hie
For Fames crackt voice, reſound all Infamie:
O poore of vnderſtanding: if there were
Of all your Acts, one onely that did beare
Mans worthie Image, euen of all your beſt
Which truth could not diſcouer, to be dreſt
In your owne ends, which Truths ſelfe not compels,
But couers in your bottoms, ſinckes and hels.
Whoſe opening would abhor the ſunne to ſee
(So ye ſtood ſure of ſafe deliuerie
Being great with gaine or propagating luſt)
A man might feare your hubbubs; and ſome truſt
Giue that moſt falſe Epiphonem, *that giues*
Your voice, the praiſe of gods: but view your liues
With eyes impartiall, and ye may abhorre
To cenſure high acts, when your owne taſte more

Andromeda liberata.

Of damned danger: Perſeus *ſcorn'd to feare*
The ill of good Acts, though hel-mouth gap't there:
Came to Andromeda; *ſat by, and cheerd:*
But ſhe that lou'd, through all the death ſhe fear'd,
At firſt ſight, like her Louer: for his ſake
Reſolu'd to die, ere he ſhould vndertake
A combat with a Monſter ſo paſt man
To tame or vanquiſh, though of Ioue *he wanne*
A power paſt all men els, for man ſhould ſtill
Aduance his powers to reſcue good from ill,
Where meanes of reſcue ſeru'd: and neuer where
Ventures of reſcue, ſo impoſſible were
That would encreaſe the danger: two for one
Expoſe to Ruine: Therefore ſhe alone
Would ſtand the Monſters Fury and the Shame
Of thoſe harſh bands: for if he ouercame
The monſtrous world would take the monſters part
So much the more: and ſay ſome ſorcerouſe art
Not his pure valour, nor his Innocence
Preuail'd in her deliuerance her offence

Would

Would ſtill the ſame be counted, for whoſe ill
The Land was threatned by the Oracle.
The poiſoned Murmures of the multitude.
Riſe more, the more, deſert or power obtrude:
Againſt their moſt (ſayd he) come ſf the more:
Vertue, in conſtant ſufferance we adore.
Nor could death fright him, for he dies that loues:
And ſo all bitterneſſe from death remoues.
He dies that loues, becauſe his euery thought,
(Himſelfe forgot) in his belou'd is wrought.
Ff of himſelfe his thoughts are not imploy'd
Nor in himſelfe they are by him enioy'd.
And ſince not in himſelfe, his minde hath Act
(The mindes act chiefly being of thought compact)
Who workes not in himſelfe, himſelfe not is:
For, theſe two are in man ioynt properties,
To worke, and Be; for Being *can be neuer*
But Operation, *is combined euer.*
Nor Operation, Being *doth exceed,*
Nor workes man where he is not: ſtill his deed

Andromeda liberata.

His being, consorting, no true Louers minde
He in himselfe can therefore euer finde.
Since in himselfe it workes not, if he giues
Being from himselfe, not in himselfe he liues:
And he that liues not, dead is, Truth then said
That whosoeuer is in loue, is dead.
If death the Monster brought then, he had laid
A second life vp, in the loued Mayd:
And had she died, his third life Fame decreed,
Since death is conquer'd in each liuing deed:
Then came the Monster on, who being shownе
His charmed sheild, his halfe he turn'd to stone
And through the other with his sword made way:
Till like a ruin'd Cittie, dead he lay
Before his loue: The Neirids *with a shrieke*
And Syrens *(fearefull to sustaine the like)*
And euen the ruthlesse and the senceleſſe Tide
Before his howre, ran roring terrifi'd,
Backe to their strength: wonders and monsters both,
With constant magnanimitie, like froth

Sodainely

So dainely vaniſh, ſmother'd with their preaſe;
No wonder laſts but vertue: which no leſſe
We may eſteeme, ſince t'is as ſeldome found
Firme & ſincere, and when no vulgar ground
Or flouriſh on it, fits the vulgar eye
Who viewes it not but as a prodegie?
Plebeian *admiration, needes muſt ſigne*
All true-borne Acts, or like falſe fires they ſhine:
If Perſeus *for ſuch warrant had contain'd*
His high exploit, what honour had he gain'd?
Who would haue ſet his hand to his deſigne
But in his ſkorne? ſkorne cenſures things diuine:
True worth (like truth) ſits in a groundleſſe pit
And none but true eyes ſee the depth of it
Perſeus *had* Enyos *eye, and ſaw within*
That grace, which out-lookes, held a deſperate ſin:
He, for it ſelfe, with his owne end went on,
And with his louely reſcu'd Paragon
Long'd of his Conqueſt, for the lateſt ſhocke:
Diſſolu'd her chaines, and tooke her from the rocke

Andromeda liberata.

Now woing for his life that fled to her
As hers in him lay: Loue did both confer
To one in both: himſelfe in her he found
She with her ſelfe, in onely him was crownd:
While thee I loue (ſayd he) you louing mee
In you I finde my ſelfe: thought on by thee,
And I (loſt in my ſelfe by thee neglected)
In thee recouer'd am, by thee affected:
The ſame in me you worke, miraculous ſtrange
Twixt two true Louers is this enterchange,
For after I haue loſt my ſelfe, if I
Redeeme my ſelfe by thee, by thee ſupply
I of my ſelfe haue, if by thee I ſaue
My ſelfe ſo loſt, thee more then me I haue.
And neerer to thee, then my ſelfe I am
Since to my ſelfe no otherwiſe I came
Then by thee being the meane: In mutuall loue
One onely death and two reuiuals moue:
For he that loues, when he himſelfe neglects
Dies in himſelfe once, In her he affects

Straight

Straight he renewes, when ſhe with equall fire
Embraceth him, as he did her deſire:
Againe he liues too, when he ſurely ſeeth
Himſelfe in her made him: O bleſſed death
Which two liues follow: O Commerce moſt ſtrange
Where, who himſelfe doth for another change,
Nor hath himſelfe, nor ceaſeth ſtill to haue:
O gaine, beyond which no deſire can craue,
When two are ſo made one, that either is
For one made two, and doubled as in this:
Who one life had: one interuenient death
Makes him diſtinctly draw a two fold breath:
In mutuall Loue the wreake moſt iuſt is found,
When each ſo kill that each cure others wound;
But Churliſh Homicides, *muſt death ſuſtaine,*
For who belou'd, not yeelding loue againe
And ſo the life doth from his loue deuide
Denies himſelfe to be a Homicide:
For he no leſſe a Homicide *is held,*
That man to be borne lets: then he that kild

Andromeda liberata.

A man that is borne: He is bolder farre
That preſent life reaues: but he crueller
That to the to-be borne, enuies the light
And puts their eyes out, ere they haue their ſight.
All good things euer we deſire to haue,
And not to haue alone, but ſtill to ſaue:
All mortall good, defectiue is, and fraile;
Vnleſſe in place of things, on point to faile,
We daily new beget. That things innate
May laſt, the languiſhing we re'create
In generation, re'creation is,
And from the proſecution of this
Man his inſtinct of generation takes.
Since generation, in continuance, makes
Mortals, ſimilitudes, of powers diuine,
Diuine worth doth in generation ſhine.
Thus Perſeus *ſayd, and not becauſe he ſau'd*
Her life alone, he her in marriage crau'd:
But with her life, the life of likely Race
Was chiefe end of his action, in whoſe grace

Andromeda liberata.

Her royall father brought him to his Court
With all the then assembled glad resort
Of Kings and Princes: where were solemniz'd
Th'admired Nuptialls: which great Heau'n so priz'd
That Ioue *againe stoopt in a goulden showre*
T'enrich the Nuptiall, as the Natall howre
Of happy Perseus, *white-armd* Iuno *to*
Depos'd her greatnesse, and what she could do
To grace the Bride *&* Bride-groome, *was vouchsaf*
All Subiect-deities stoopt to: and the Shaft
Golden and mutuall, with which loue compest
Both th'enuied Louers: offerd to, and kist:
All answerablie feasted to their States:
In all the Starres beames, stoopt the reuerend Fates:
And the rere banquet, that fore ranne the Bed
With his presage shut vp, and seconded:
And sayd they sung verse, that Posteritie
In no age should reproue, for Perfidie.

Andromeda liberata.

Parcarum Epithalamion.

O You this kingdomes glory that ſhall be
Parents to ſo renownd a Progenie
As earth ſhall enuie, and heauen glory in,
Accept of their liues threds, which Fates ſhal ſpin
Their true ſpoke oracle, and liue to ſee
Your ſonnes ſonnes enter ſuch a *Progenie*,
As to the laſt times of the world ſhall laſt:
Haſte you that guide the web, haſte ſpindles haſte.

See *Heſperus*, with nuptiall wiſhes crownd,
Take and enioy; In all ye wiſh abound, (ſtore
Abound, for who ſhould wiſh crowne with her
But you that ſlew what barren made the ſhore?
You that in winter, make your ſpring to come
Your Summer needs muſt be *Eliſium*:
A race of mere ſoules ſpringing, that ſhall caſt
Their bodies off in cares, and all ioyes taſte.
Haſte then that ſacred web, haſte ſpindles haſte.

Andromeda liberata.

Foue loues not many, therefore let thoſe few
That his guifts grace, affect ſtill to renew:
For none can laſt the ſame; that proper is
To onely more then *Semideities:*
To laſt yet by renewing, all that haue
More merit then to make their birth their graue,
As in themſelues life, life in others ſaue:
Firſt to be great ſeeke, then lou'd, then to laſt:
Haſte you that guide the web, haſte ſpindles haſte.

She comes, ô Bridegroom ſhew thy ſelfe enflam'd
And of what tender tinder Loue is flam'd:
Catch with ech ſparke, her beauties hurle about:
Nay with ech thoght of her be rapt throughout;
Melt let thy liuer, pant thy ſtartled heart:
Mount Loue on earthquakes in thy euery part:
A thouſand hewes on thine, let her lookes caſt;
Diſſolue thy ſelfe to be by her embrac't,
Haſte ye that guide the web, haſte ſpindles haſte.

Andromeda liberata.

As in each bodie, there is ebbe and flood
Of blood in euery vaine, of ſpirits in blood;
Of loyes in ſpirits, of the Soule in loyes, (ploies
And nature through your liues, this change im-
To make her conſtant: ſo each minde retaines
Manners and cuſtoms, where vicicitude reignes:
Opinions, pleaſures, which ſuch change enchains.
And in this enterchange all man doth laſt,
Haſte then who guide the web, haſte ſpindles haſte.

VVho bodie loues beſt, feedes on dantieſt meats,
Who faireſt ſeed ſeekes, faireſt women gets:
Who loues the minde, with louelieſt diſciplines
Loues to enforme her, in which verity ſhines.
Her beauty yet, we ſee not, ſince not her: (beare
But bodies (being her formes) who faire formes
We view, and chiefely ſeeke her beauties there.
The faireſt then, for faire birth, ſee embrac't,
Haſte ye that guide the web, haſte ſpindles haſte.

Starres

Andromeda liberata.

Starres ye are now, and ouerſhine the earth:
Starres ſhall ye be heereafter, and your birth
In bodies rule heere, as your ſelues in heau'n,
What heer *Detraction* ſteals, ſhall there be giuen:
The boũd that heer you freed ſhal triumph there
The chaine that touch't her wriſts ſhal be a ſtarre
Your beauties few can view, ſo bright they are:
Like you ſhalbe your birth, with grace diſgrac't
Haſte ye that rule the web, haſte ſpindles haſte.

Thus by diuine inſtinct, the fates enrag'd,
Of *Perſeus* and *Andromeda* preſag'd
Who, (when the worthy nuptial State was done
And that act paſt, which only two makes one,
Fleſh of each fleſh and bone of eithers bone)
Left *Cepheus* Court; both freed and honoured.
The louing Victor, and bleſt *Bride-groome* led
Home to the Seriphins, his reſcu'd Bride;
Who (after iſſue highly magnifi'd

Both

Andromeda liberata.

Both rapt to heau'n, did conſtellations reigne,
And to an Aſteriſme was turn'd the chaine
That onely touch't his grace of fleſh & blood,
In all which ſtands the Fates kinde *Omen* good.

Andromeda liberata.

APODOSIS.

THus through the Fount of ſtormes (the cruell ſeas)
Her Monſters and malignant deities,
Great Perſeus *made high and triumphant way*
To his ſtarre crownd deed, and bright Nuptiall day.
And thus doe you, that Perſeus *place ſupply*
In our Ioues *loue, get* Perſean *victorie*
Of our Land Whale, foule Barbariſme, and all
His brood of pride, and liues Atheiſticall:
That more their pallats and their purſes priſe
Then propagating Perſean *victories:*
Take Monſters parts, not auctbor manly parts:
For Monſters kill the Man-informing Arts:
And like a lothed prodegie deſpiſe
The rapture that the Arts doth naturaliſe,
Creating and immortaliſing men:
Who ſcornes in her the Godheads vertue then,
The Godheads ſelfe hath boldneſſe to deſpiſe,
And hate not her, but their Eternities:

Andromeda liberata.

Seeke vertues loue, and vicious flatteries hate,
Heere is no true ſweete, but in knowing State.
Who Honor *hurts, neglecting vertues loue,*
Commits but Rapes on pleaſures; for not Ioue
His power in thunder hath, or downeright flames,
But his chiefe Rule, his Loue and Wiſedome frames.
You then, that in loues ſtrife haue ouercome
The greateſt Subiect blood of Crhiſtendome,
The greateſt ſubiect minde take, and in Both
Be abſolute man: and giue that end your oth.
So ſhall my ſad aſtoniſht Muſe *arriue*
At her chiefe obiect: which is, to reuiue
By quickning honor, in the abſolute beſt:
And ſince none are, but in Eternitie, bleſt,
He that in paper can regiſter things
That Braſſe and Marble ſhall denie euen Kings:
Should not be trod on by ech preſent flaſh:
The Monſter ſlaine then, with your cleere Seas, waſh
From ſpots of Earth, Heauens beauty in the minde
In which, through death, hath all true Nobleſſe ſhinde.

FINIS.

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